



#13
Ivan Brandon
Nic Klein





Now I know
what I'm meant
to do.





THIS FAR ENOUGH?

FAR ENOUGH FOR WHAT?



YOU HAVE AN OLD MAN? THAT YOU REMEMBER?

DON'T WE ALL GOT A DAD? ISN'T THAT HOW IT WORKS?



REMEMBER, THOUGH...

I GUESS IT'S MOSTLY GONE.

HE DIDN'T SIT STILL MUCH. I THINK I REMEMBER THE HOLE WHERE HE WAS MEANT TO BE, MORE SO THAN WHEN HE FILLED IT UP.



MINE USED TO FIGHT. FIGHT ALMOST ANYONE, IT SEEMED. ALL HE WAS GOOD AT. NONE OF HIS KIN, MIND YOU.

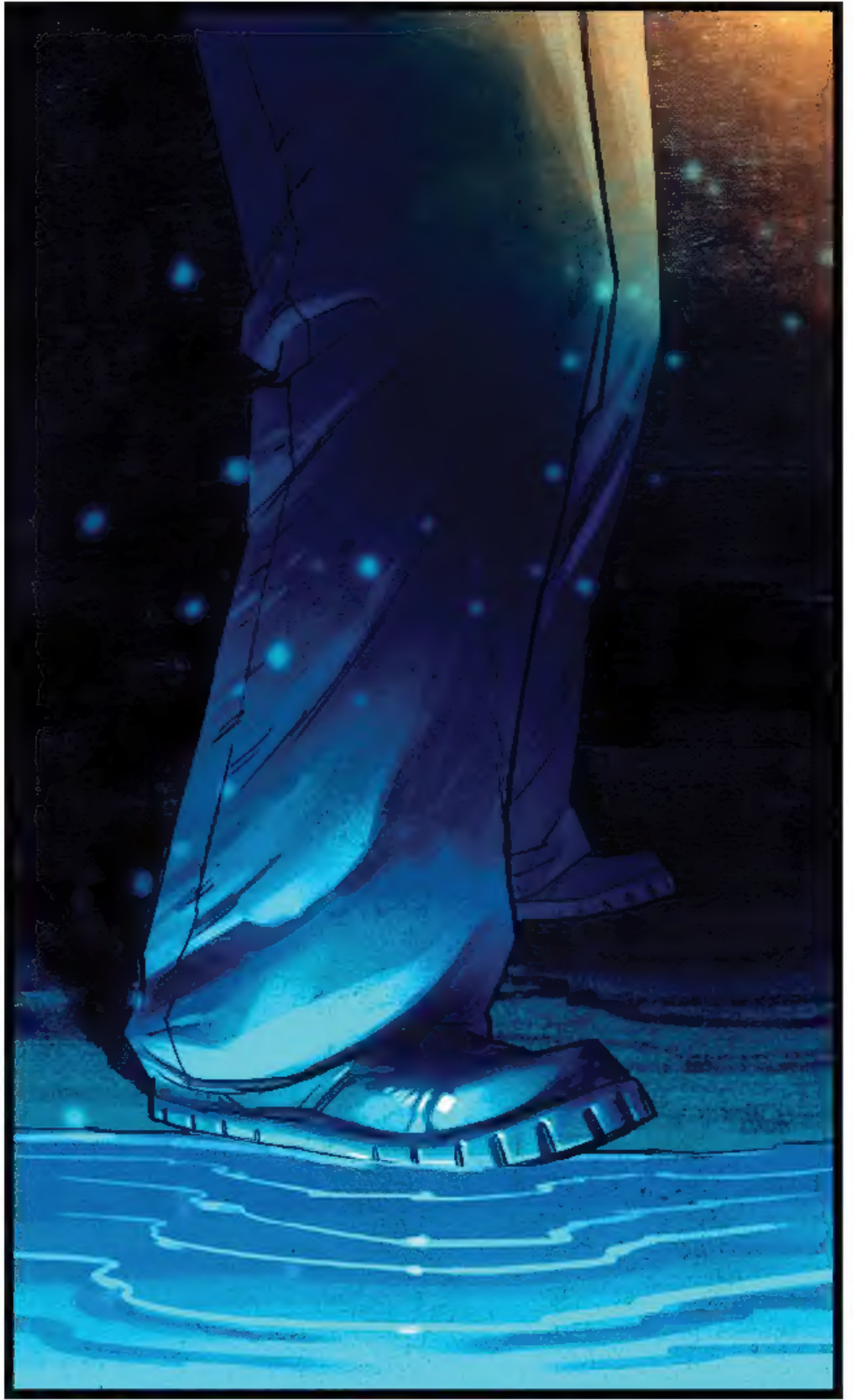
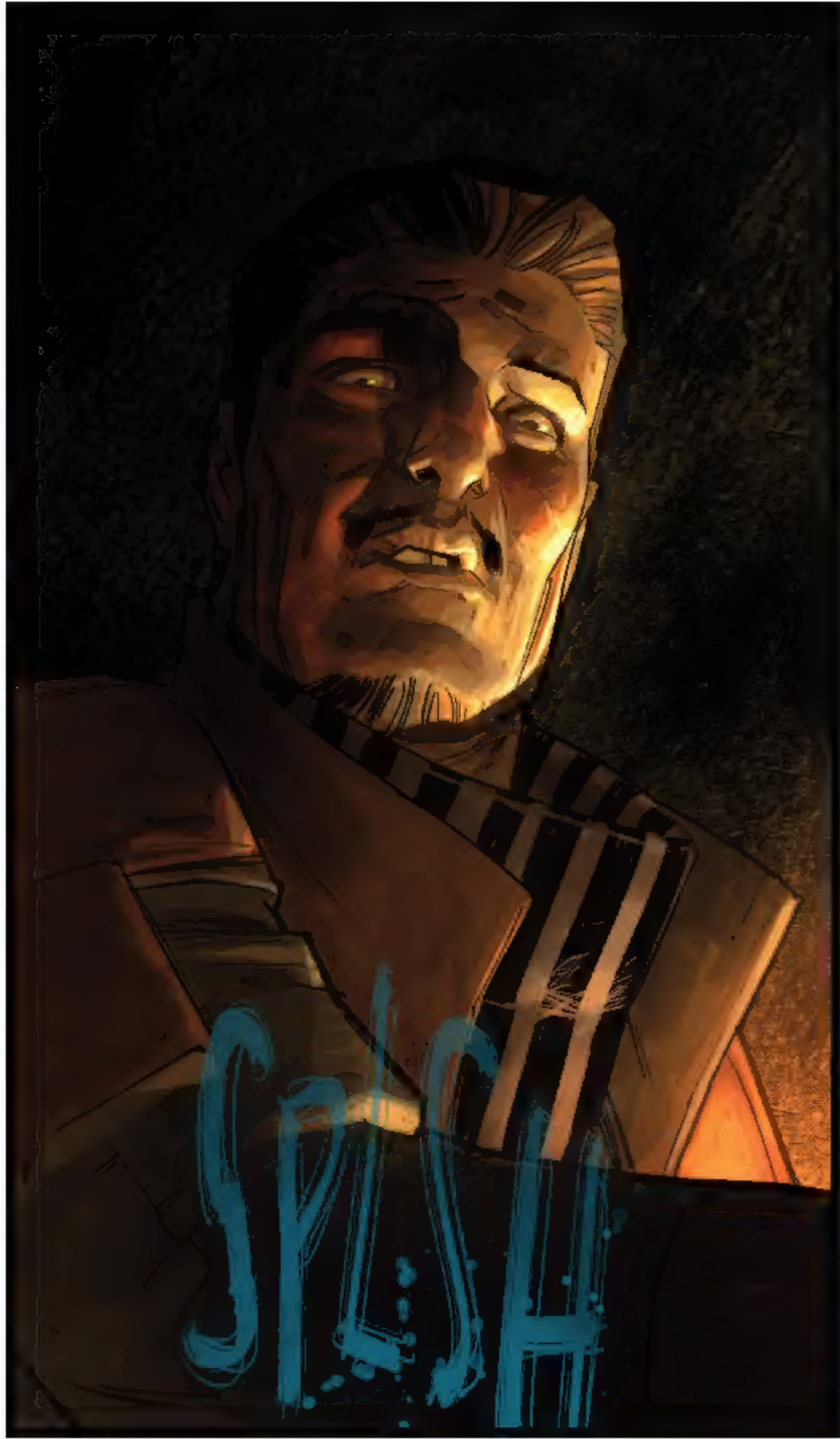


HE'D GET SO MAD WE THOUGHT HE'D TEAR THE BUILDING DOWN. BUT HE'D NEVER LIFT HIS HANDS INSIDE THE HOUSE.





CAME FROM A DARK
SO BIG I FELT I'D
FADE ON INTO IT.



A DARK SO
BIG THERE
WASN'T
ANYWHERE
TO LIVE.

THOUGHT I'D
FELL OUT OF
THAT DARK, BUT
EVEN DOWN
HERE IT
WAS TANGLED
UP IN ME.

STILL I CAN
BREATHE.

STILL I KNOW
WHERE I NEED
TO GET TO.



I KNOW
YOU ALL.
AND YOU
KNOW *ME*,
I THINK.

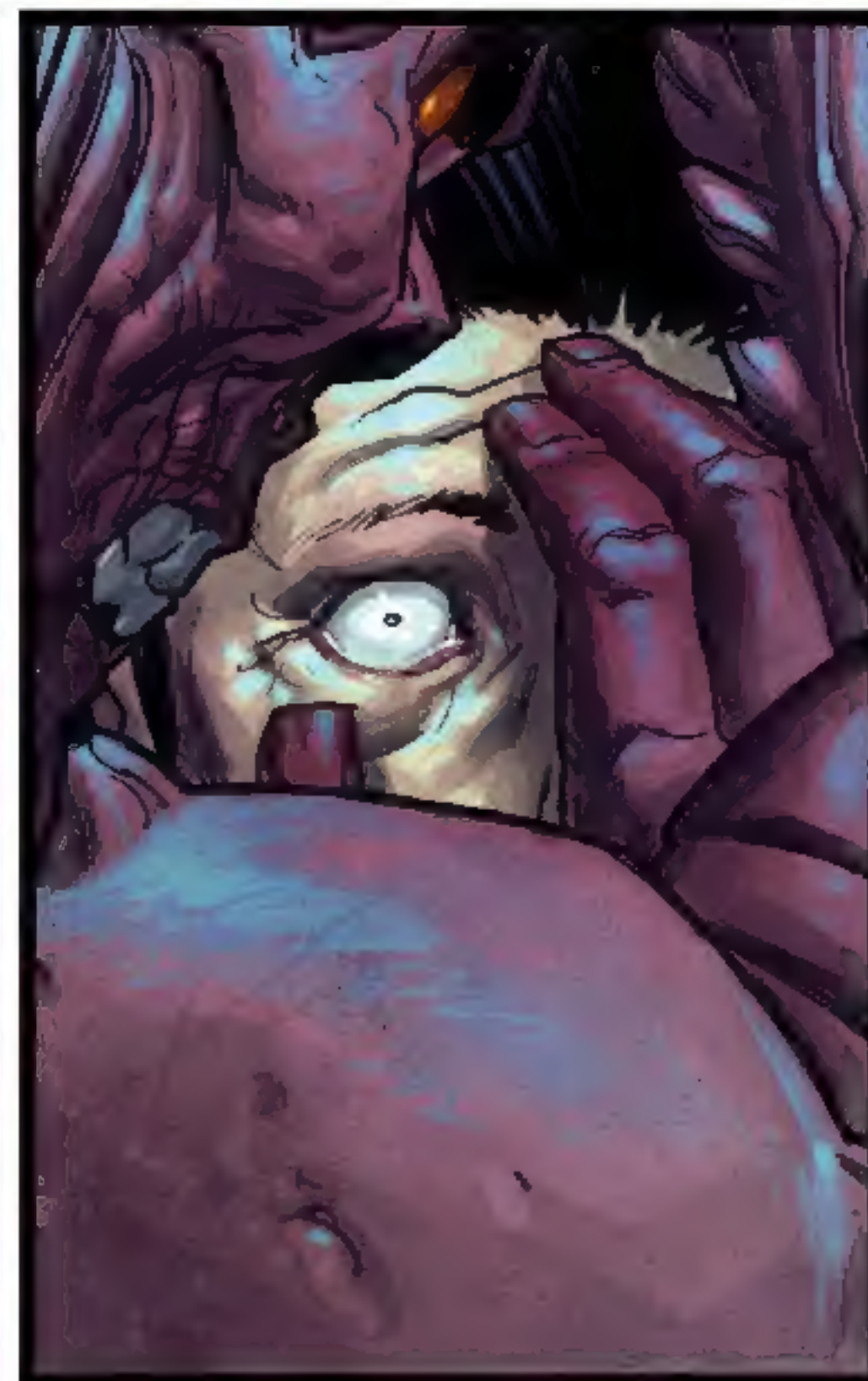
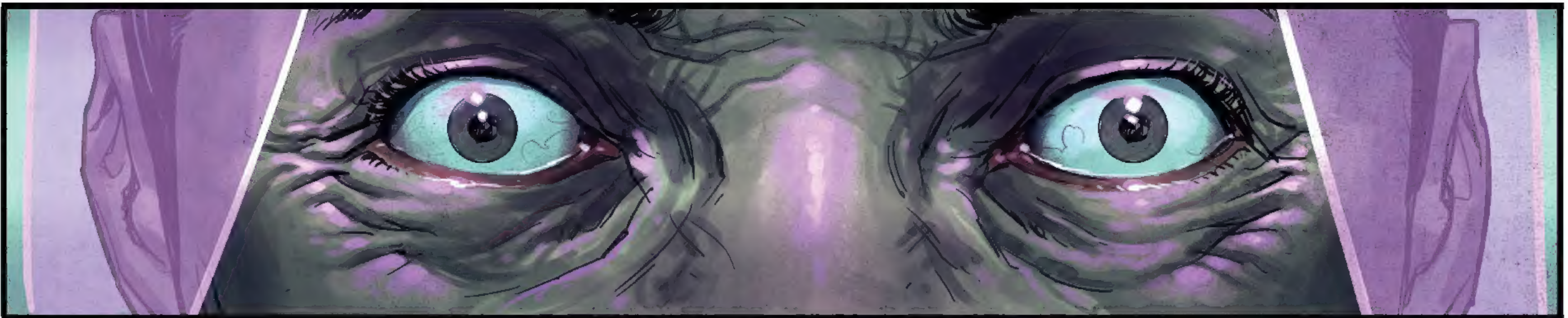


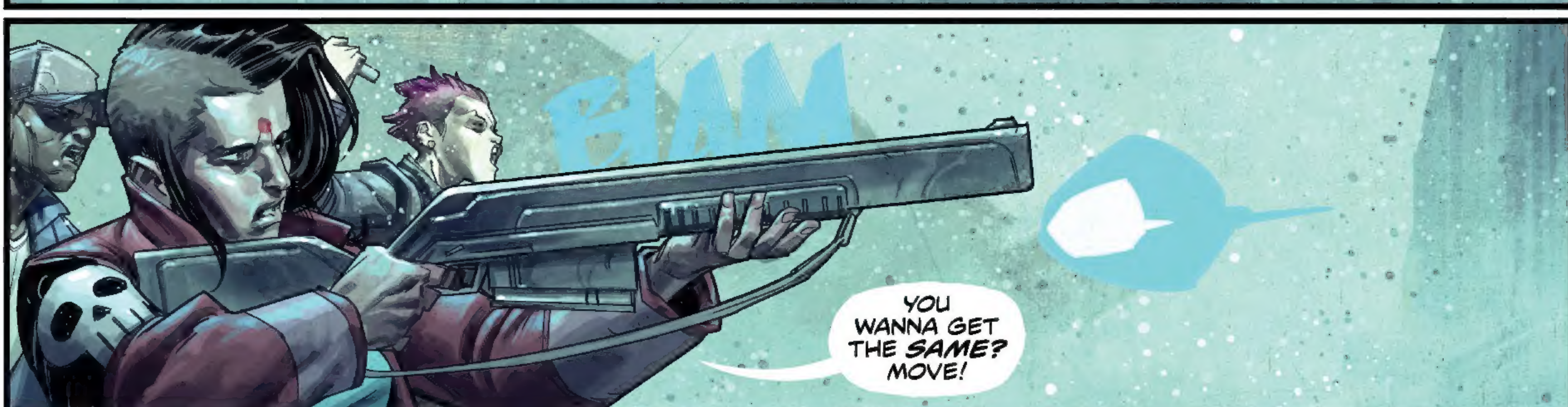
KANG, BACK ON
OUT OF THERE.
PLEASE.

HAVE
SOME TRUST,
SHERIFF.



WE MUST
NOT SOLVE ALL
THINGS WITH
ANGER.





We can't go
back now.





LOOK
OVER
HERE!



OLGA,
COME ON.
WE GOTTA
MOVE!



CHUCK, GET
OUT OF THERE.
CHUCK, DO YOU
HEAR ME?



JUST...
JUST STAY
ON OUT. OUT
OF THEIR
WAY.



All we'd
built, gone in
a whisper.



Like it all burnt
up while we
lay sleeping.



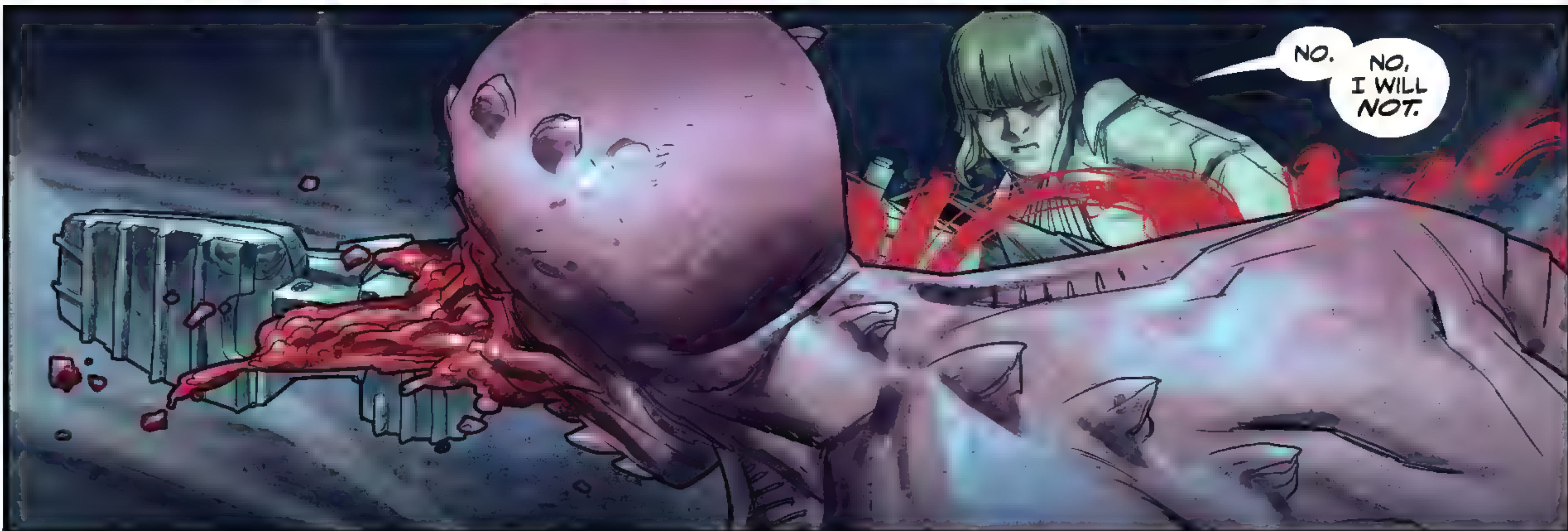
And us
catching
fire, one
by one.



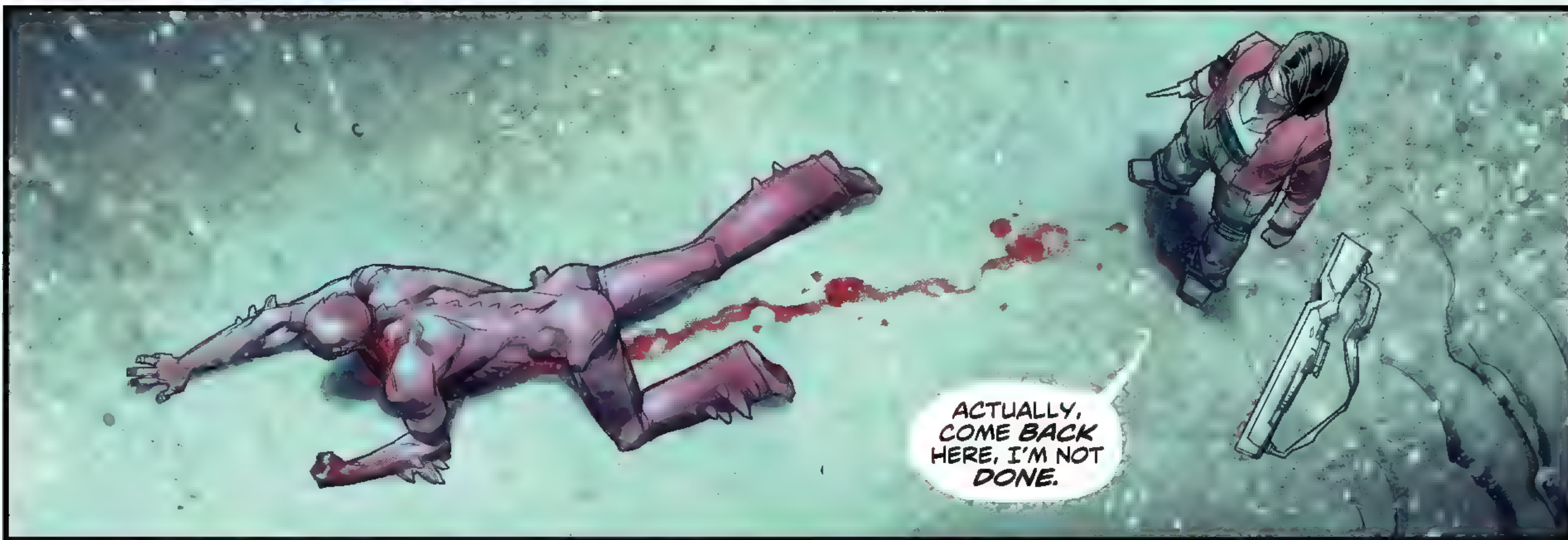
Just trying
to breathe.

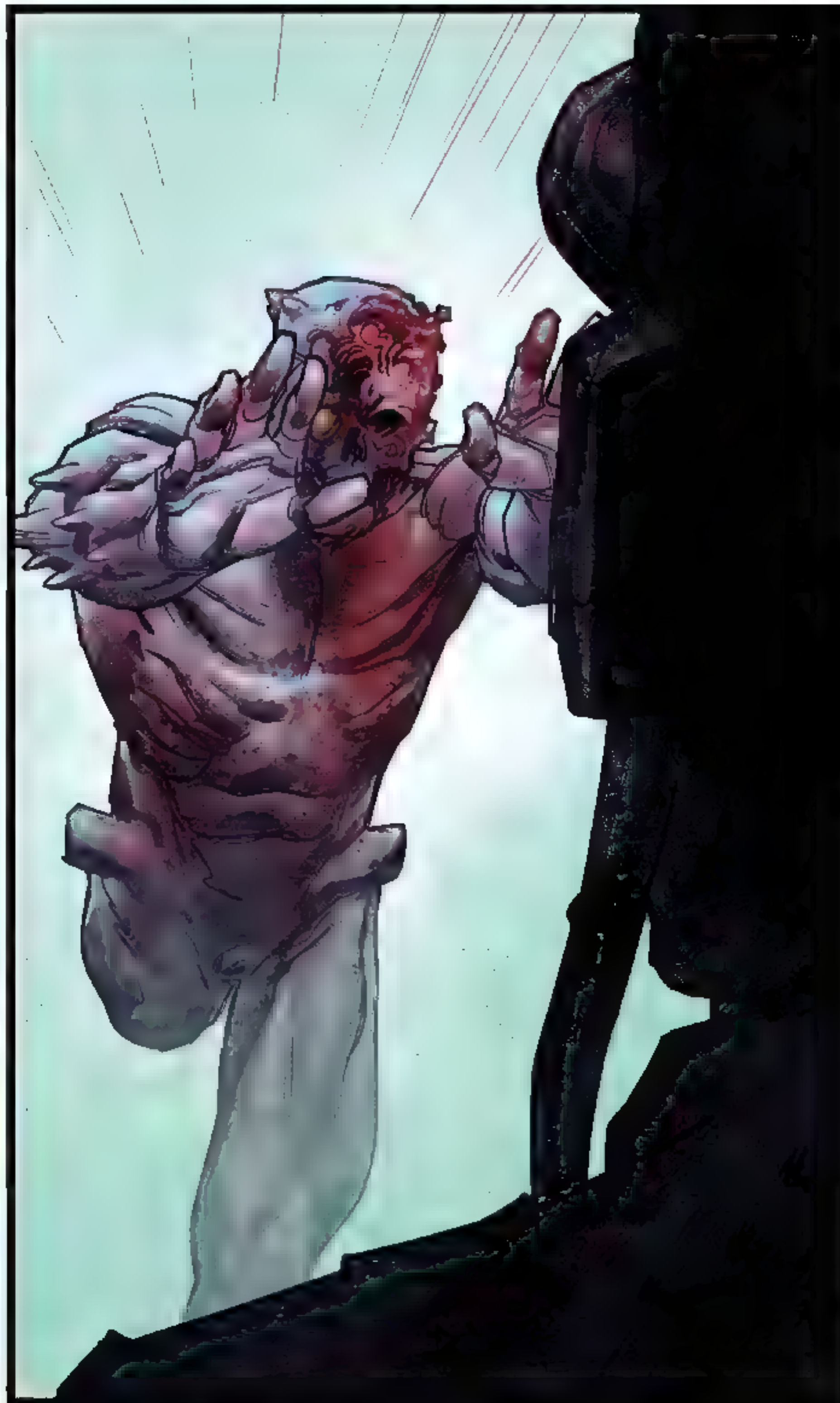


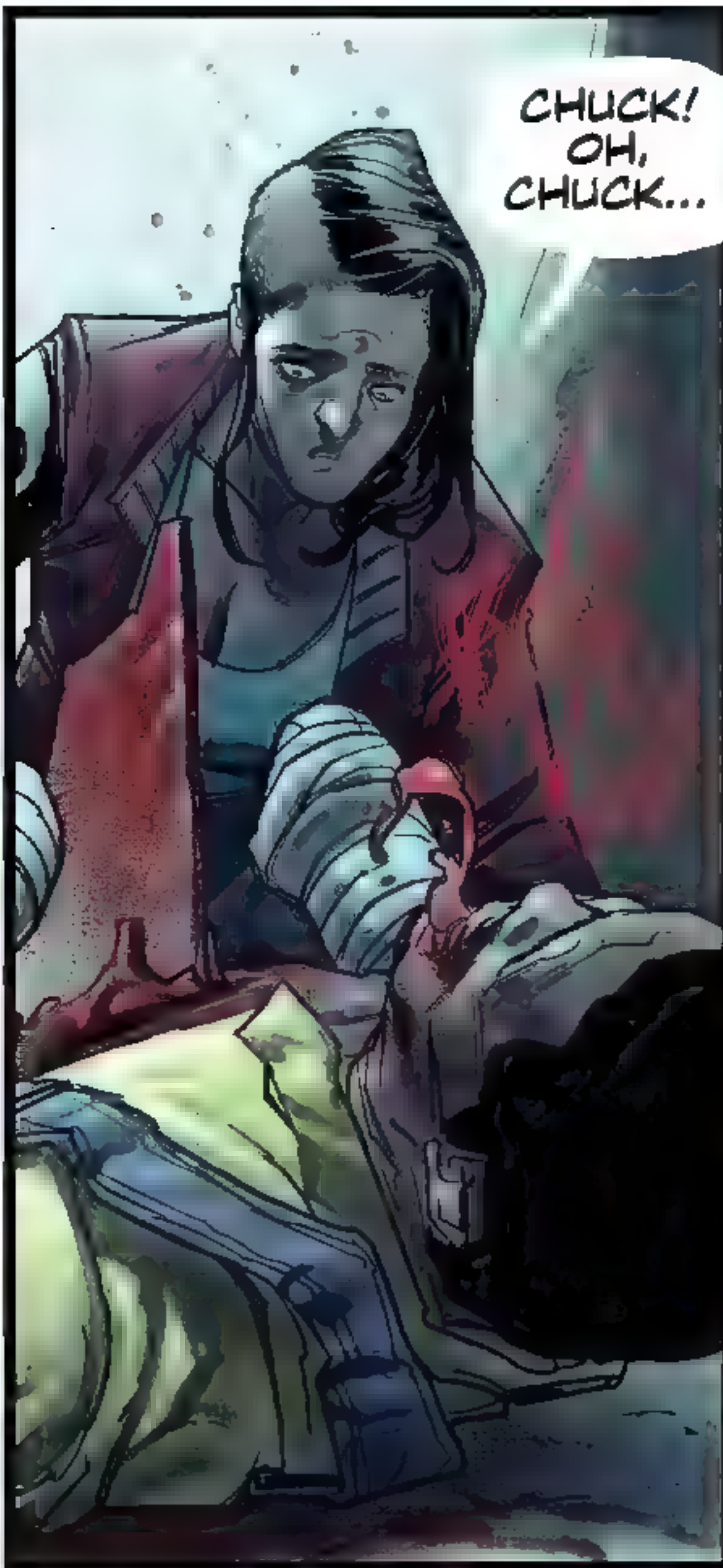
YOU
GET OUT,
OLGA...
RUN!

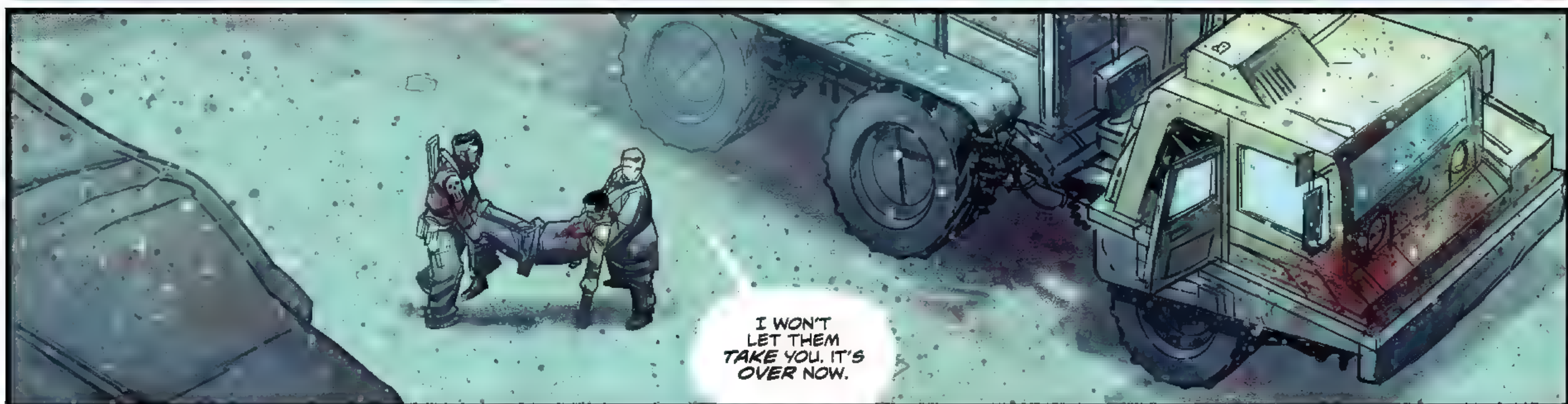


NO.
NO,
I WILL
NOT.











YOU
DIDN'T SEE
THEM.

AND I
WON'T.



YOU
GODDAMNED
COWARD. SON
OF A DICKLESS
FUCK.

I'M SORRY FOR
WHAT HAPPENED TO
YOU. TO ALL OF YOU.
BUT IT WON'T HELP
FOR US TO GO AND
JOIN THE DEAD.



YOU HELP,
THE WHEELERS
DIE INSTEAD.
IT'S PAST THE
TIME NOW.



THIS IS MY
PLACE. DON'T
LAY YOUR HANDS
ON ME.



I AM
ALMOST
DYING. JUST
LIKE THAT.



YOU'RE
GONNA HELP OR
I'LL DO WHAT I
NEED TO TAKE WHAT
I GOTTA TAKE. TO
PROTECT MYSELF.
TO PROTECT
MY GIRL.



JOJO,
JUST THINK.
BECAUSE I'LL
PROTECT
MYSELF,
TOO.



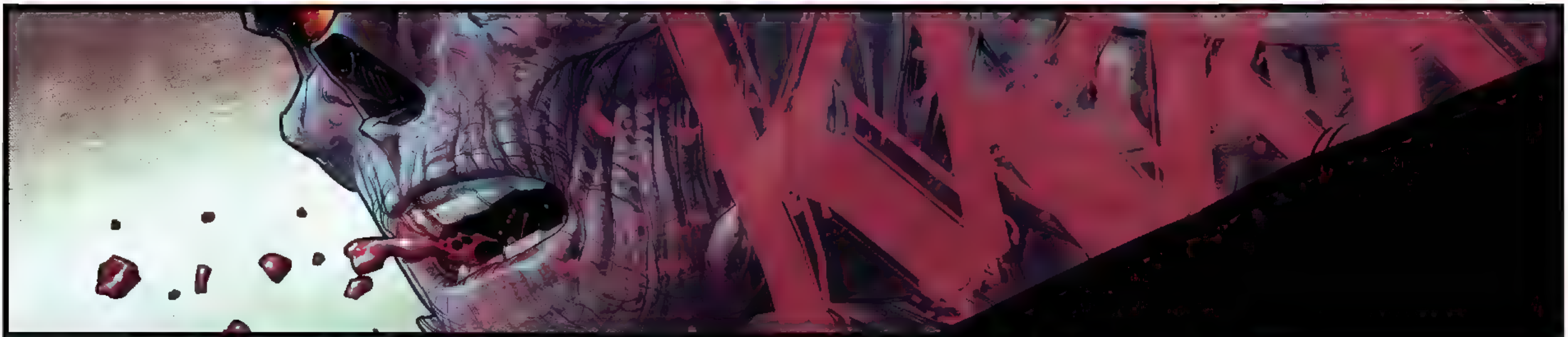
YOU BETTER
BE REAL FAST
BECAUSE I WILL
DIE HERE BEFORE
I LET HER DIE
OUT THERE.



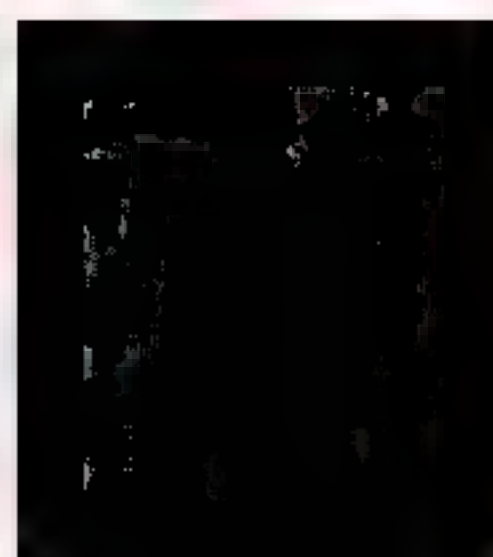
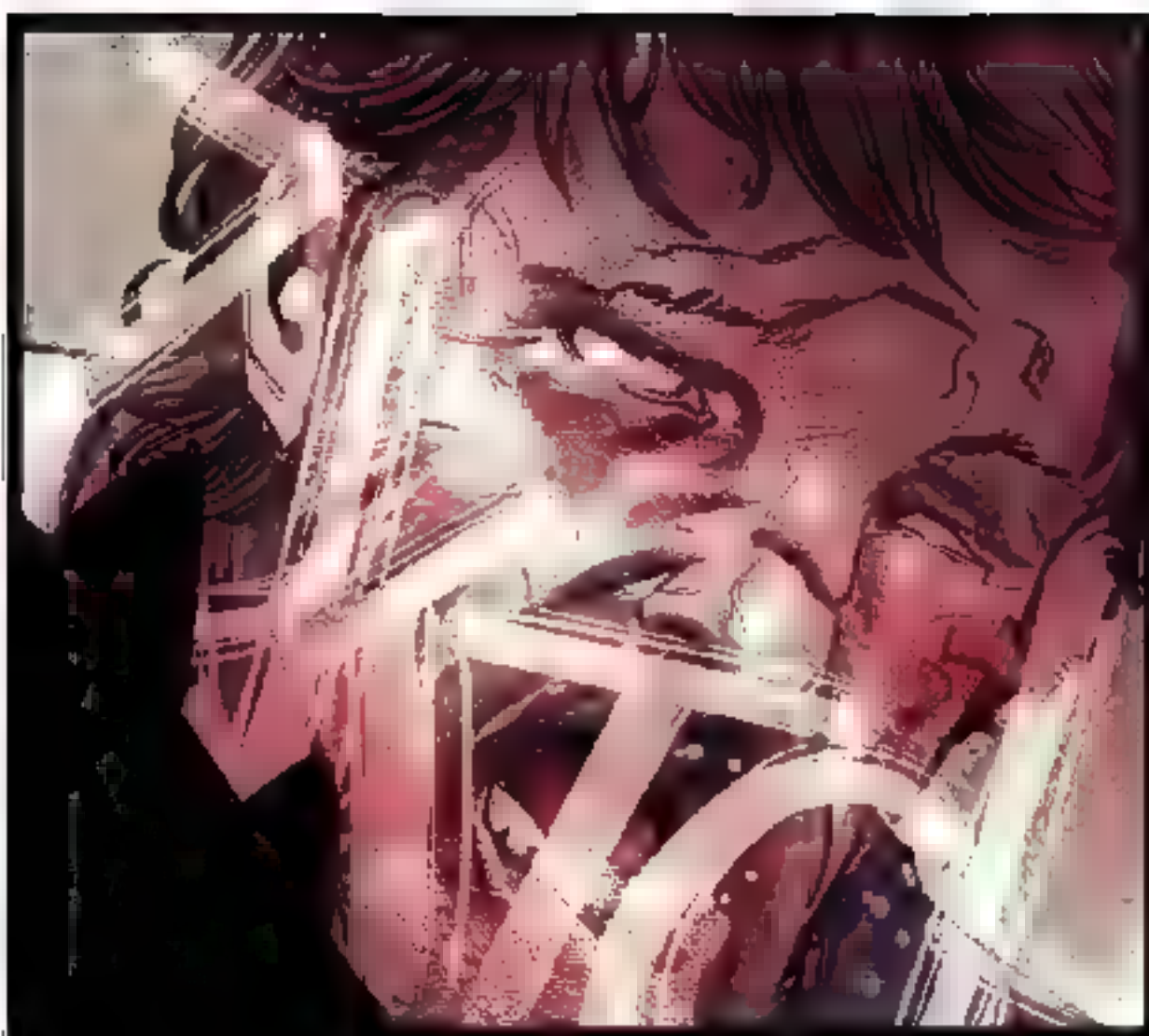
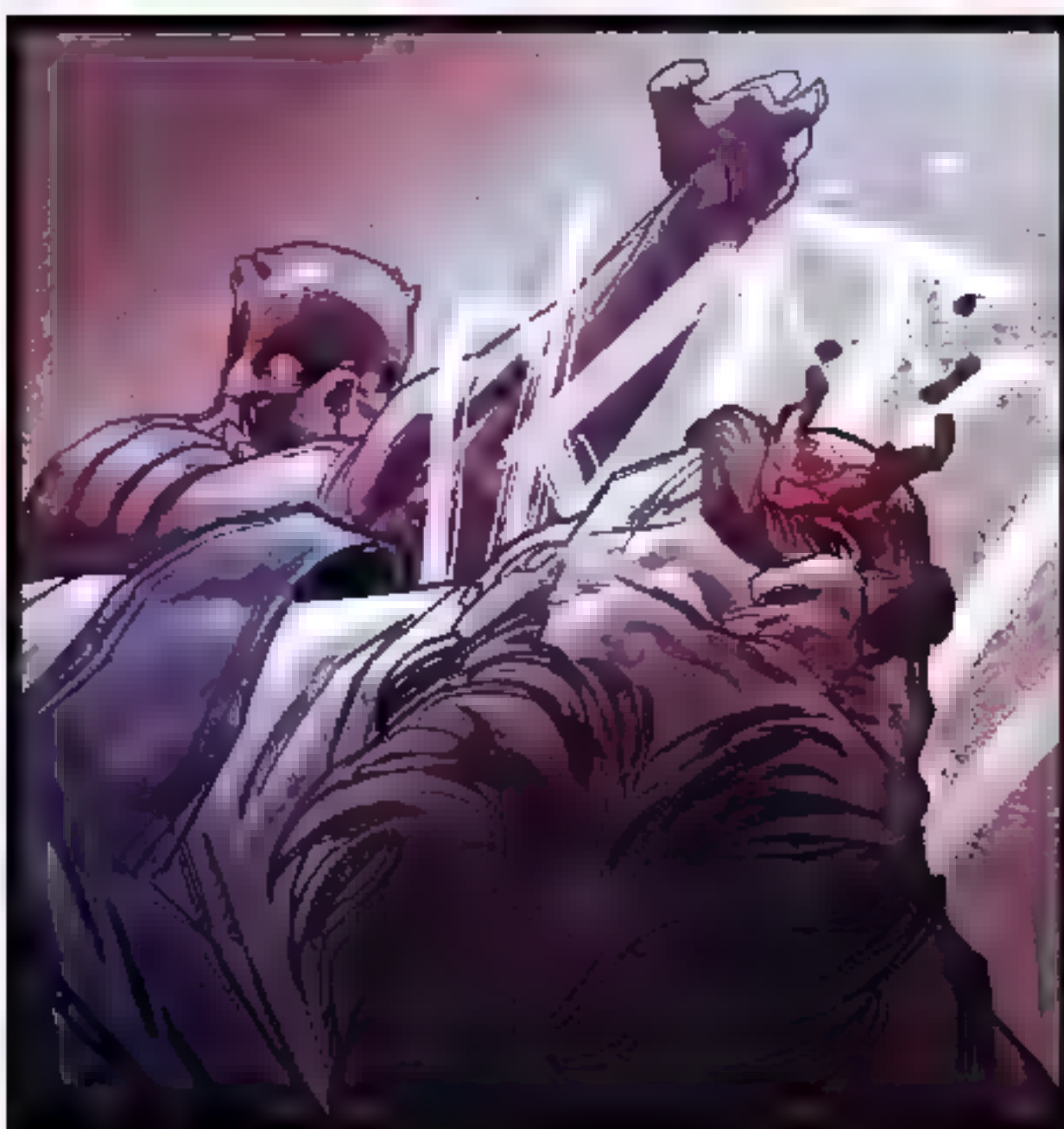
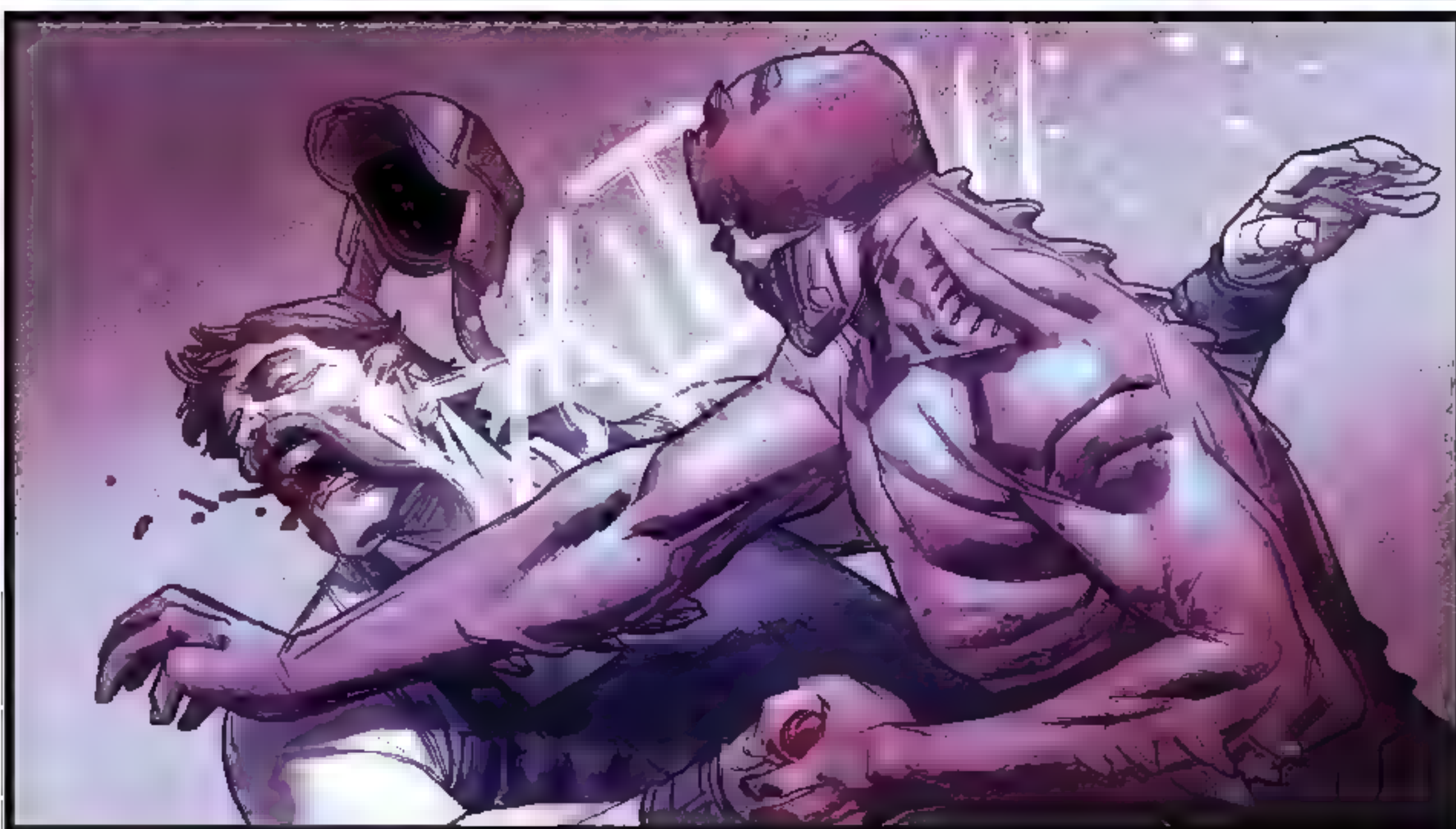
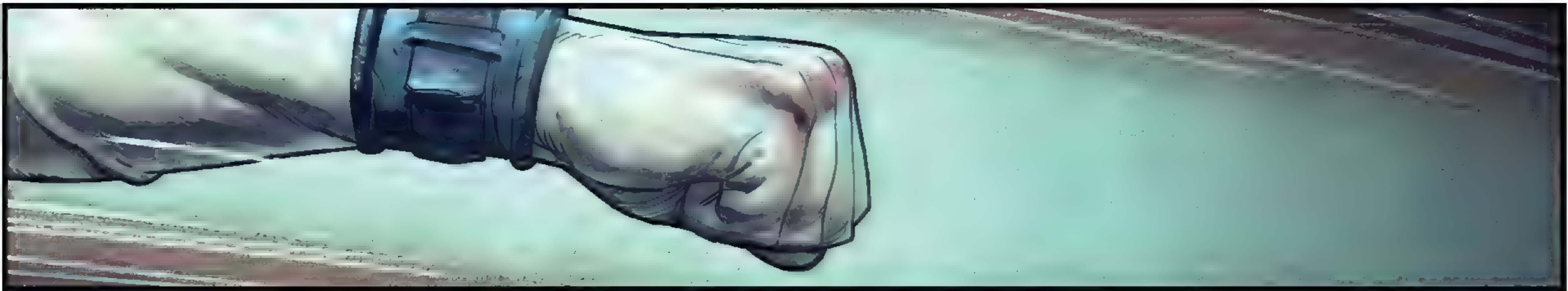
IF YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND US,
TRY TO UNDERSTAND
THAT WE'RE FULL
UP ON THINGS
TO FEAR.

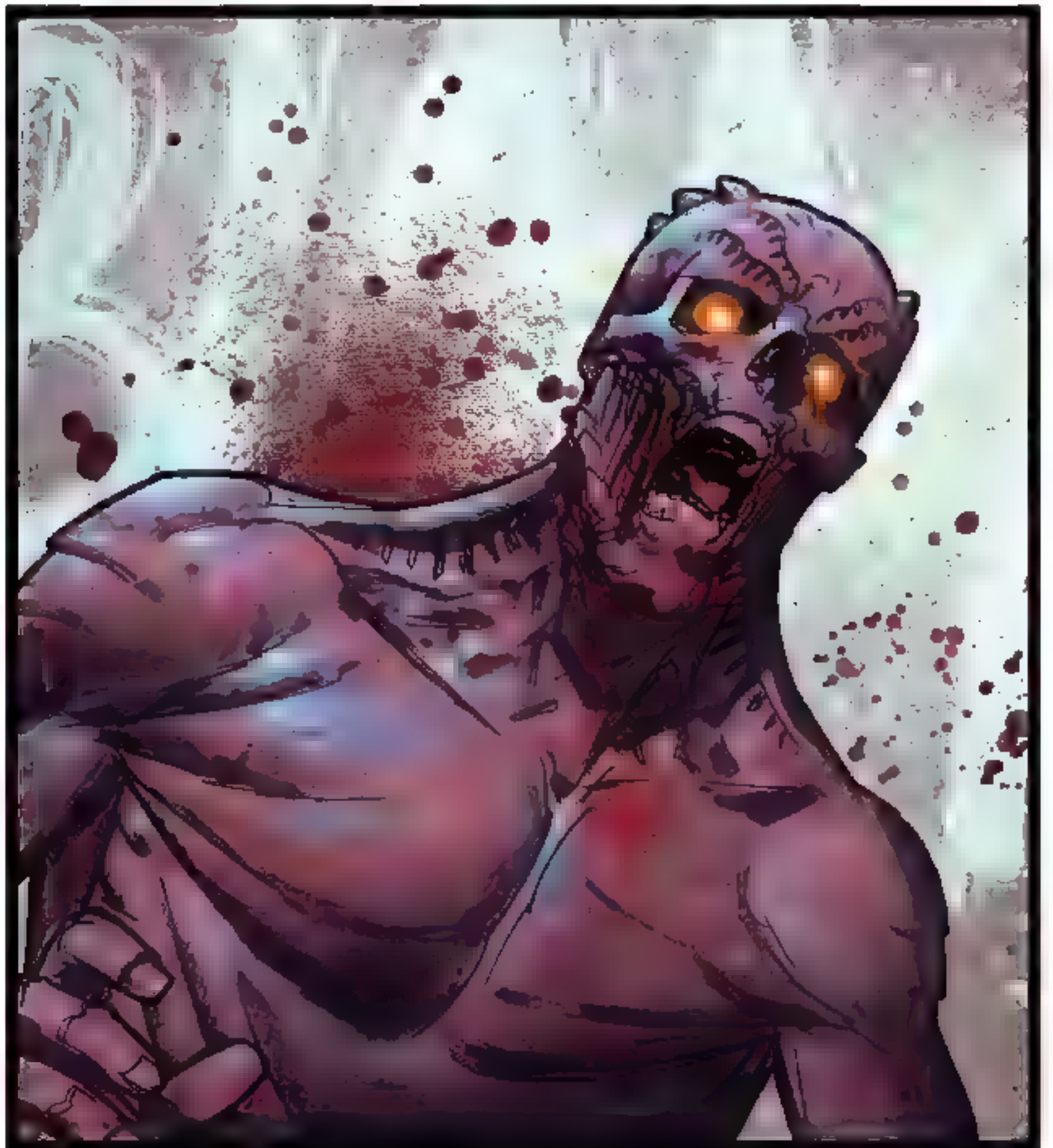


HEY, YOU.
SKINLESS.

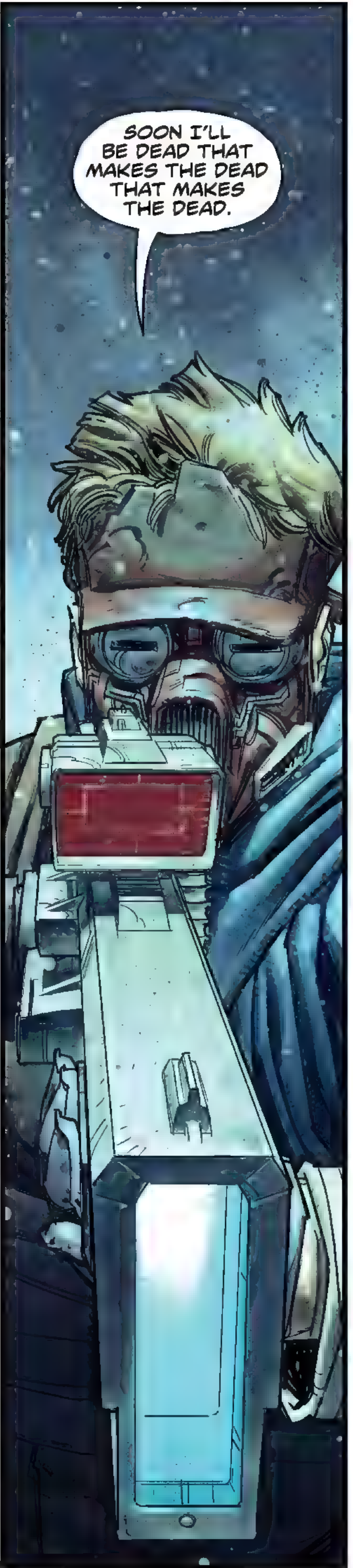


SOFT
LIKE A
LITTLE
PIG.





DEAD
THAT MAKE
THE DEAD.
AND WHAT
AM I?



SOON I'LL
BE DEAD THAT
MAKES THE DEAD
THAT MAKES
THE DEAD.



TO BE
CONTINUED

D R I F T E R
P R O C E S S
B N
K L I E I
S Y C N









“Get immersed in its strangeness.”

— ***Vulture***

“Ridiculously gorgeous.”

— ***Comics Alliance***

“Before their untimely deaths, the great Ivan Brandon and Nic Klein produced one final, amazing comic.”

— ***Jonathan Hickman***



DRIFTER VOL. 3

— LIT BY FIRE

C O L L E C T S

DRIFTER #10—

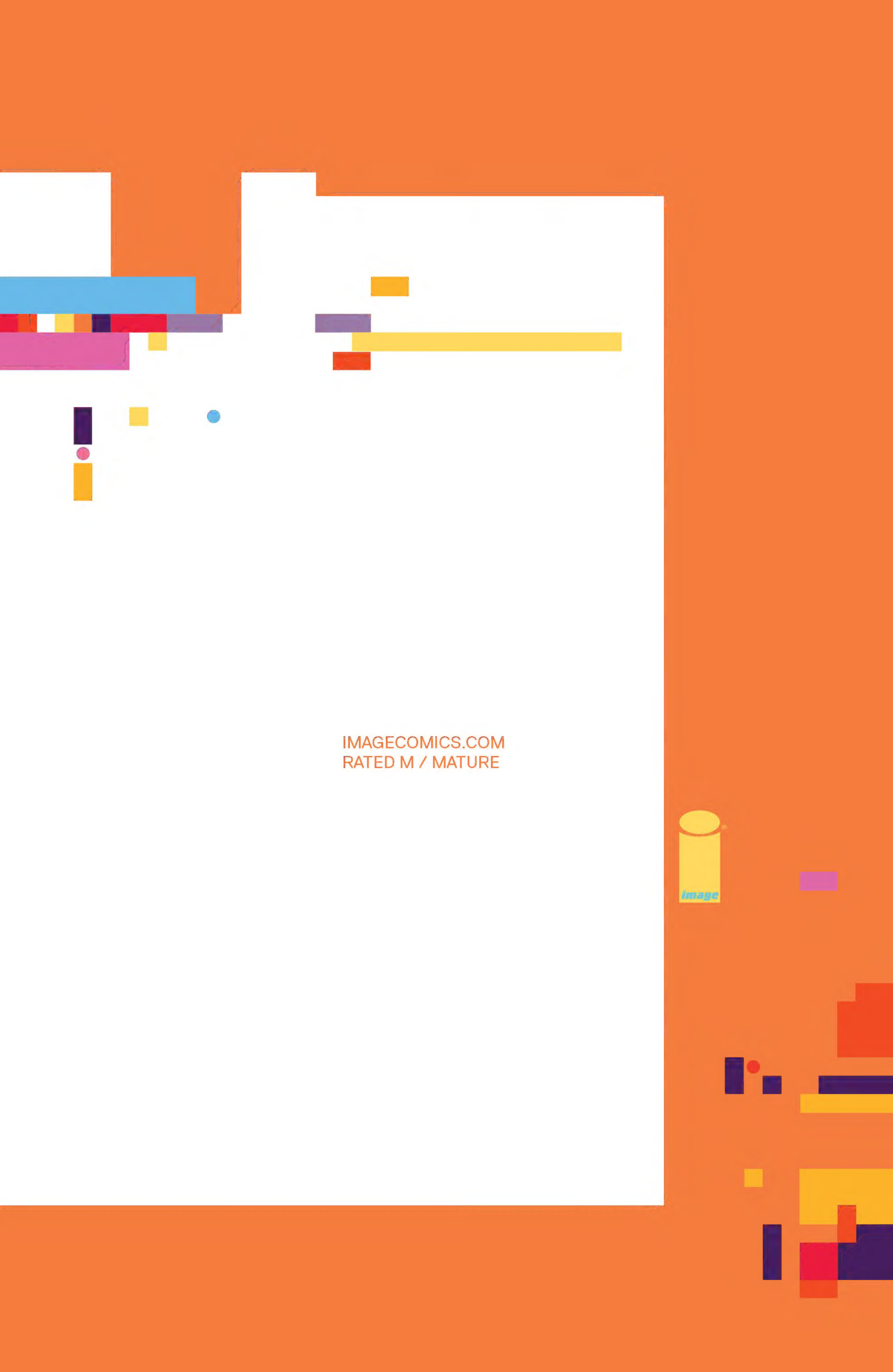
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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN...
THIS MONSTER!"

